

CHARACTERS

Mary Hanson
Luellen James

FINAL PLACEMENT

SET: A large office containing a metal desk with a swivel chair behind it and a straight-backed chair beside it. The desk, as well as the straight chair, is piled with manuals, papers, books, etc. Prominent on the desk is a dictaphone. On top of the things on the chair are several individual boxes of baby clothes. There is a second straight chair with a few things on it including a thermos bottle.

AT RISE: The lights are brought up to a less than full level. There is a spotlight on the dictaphone. As the spot fades to full, the following dictation fades in:

MARY'S VOICE. . . the worker will continue regular visits with this child. End of dictation. Next one. New case, so no CW number yet. Last name: James. First name: Jimmy. Age: four years. Date: October ten, eighty-one. On this date this office was contacted by Dr. Timothy Bowman of the Northside Medical Clinic concerning four-year-old Jimmy James. Dr. Bowman reported that he has treated Jimmy twice in the last six weeks—once for a cut over the eye and once for a broken wrist. The parents attributed both injuries to accidents. On each of the visits, Dr. Bowman noted the child had a number of bruises on his body which the mother explained resulted from Jimmy's—quote—"always falling down"—end quote. On the second of these visits with Jimmy, Dr. Bowman also noted burn marks on the child's buttocks which he believed were caused by a cigarette. He determined, at this point—*(The sound and spot begin to fade out and the lights begin to fade up to a full level.)*—to contact this office and request an investigation of the situation by the Department—*(Sound out—lights full.)*

MARY. *(Entering, overlapping the fading dictation—she calls over her shoulder as she hurries to her desk.)* No, you guys go on. I'll join you as soon as I see who—*(She picks up the phone and pushes a button.)*

Mary Hanson. Hello. — Yes, Miz Price. How are you today?
 — Well, that seems to be the general consensus around here, too. I think it's the heat. — Nope, I haven't forgotten. I should be there about four. — Ok. Sure. Similac or Enfamil? — No, I won't forget. — I'll see you then. Bye. *(She hangs up and starts quickly away from her desk before she realizes she has left her billfold on the desk. She goes back and gets it, starts out again, but the phone buzzes, catching her. She answers.)* Yes? — Line two? — Thanks. *(Pushes button—brightly.)* Hi. — No, I was just about to sneak out with everybody else for a coffee break, is all. — Oh, you're a much better high than caffeine anytime. We're not all supposed to abandon our posts at the same time anyway . . . *(Smiles.)* . . . so I'll wait five minutes. Don't want to break any of those 'state regulations.' So. How's your day off been? — *(Mocking.)* Oh-h-h, you have to sit out by your big ol' pool all by yourself? Poor baby. — *(A laugh—then:)* So-so. *(She retrieves a carton of Similac from the floor behind her desk and sets it on the desk.)* Your usual quota of impregnated teenagers, paranoid foster parents, etc. — No. I just want you to feel sorry for me. *(Laughs—then:)* So, what's up for tonight? *(A laugh.)* Very funny. But please to remember this is a business phone. — Well. You have that shopping list for me? — *(Searching in the mess on her desk for a pencil.)* Jack and Laura coming? — Of course, I've got a pencil . . . *(Looking.)* . . . somewhere . . . *(A movement outside the door catches her eye, puzzles her, but she continues.)* No. I don't have one behind my ear, smarty. *(She checks anyway.)* I'm not that— *(The movement outside the door again and it stops her.)* Honey? Could you hold on just a sec? — Thanks. *(She puts the phone down and moves to the door. Just before she gets there, Luellen suddenly steps in. Mary, startled:)* What are—? *(A moment's hesitation.)* Hello. You . . . you startled me.
 LUELLEN. There wasn't no one at the front desk.
 MARY. *(An almost indiscernable fear.)* Oh? Well, she . . . she must have stepped away a minute.
 LUELLEN. I heard your voice, so I followed it, but I didn't want to disturb you while you was on the telephone.
 MARY. *(Remembering.)* Oh. Oh, yes . . . I . . . I need to just finish up with that and . . . Did you want to talk to me or . . . ?
(Luellen "kind of" nods.) Well, let me . . .
 LUELLEN. Oh, yeah. You go right on ahead. *(She stands there.)*

MARY. Would you like to have a chair out in the waiting room? I shouldn't be too long.
 LUELLEN. No.
 MARY. It's a private call.
 LUELLEN. Oh. I'll . . . I'll stand out here in the hall 'til you're done.
 MARY. It might take me a few minutes . . .
 LUELLEN. I'll . . . just stand out here.
 MARY. All right. *(Luellen smiles and exits with Mary watching her. Mary then hurriedly returns to the phone.)* Hi. Sorry. Someone just . . . *(Her voice trails off as she stares toward the door preoccupied.)* What? — Oh. No. Just an old client. — No, no, it's all right. *(Searching again she finds a pencil—brighter.)* Go ahead and give me the list. *(Sits.)* I'll go by the liquor store, too, so . . . *(The lights begin to fade down and the sound of the dictation fades up under Mary.)*
 — I know. You're very lucky to have me.
 MARY'S VOICE. . . . CW number is 240973. Last name: James. First name: Jimmy. Age: four. Date: October 14, '81. Following the report made by Dr. Bowman, the worker made a visit to the James apartment at 1804 N. Main. No response. New date. October 15. Worker again visited the James apartment and was met at the door by Ms. James who refused to let the worker in, stating that Mr. James was out looking for work and that he didn't want her to let anyone in when he wasn't there. The worker explained the reason for the visit and Ms. James became very upset, saying people were telling lies about her. Through the open door, the worker observed a sparsely furnished room with clothing, papers, and empty food containers strewn—that's S-T-R-E-W-N—about. There was also a strong odor of urine coming from—scratch that—a strong odor of urine emitting from the apartment. The worker informed Ms. James she would be returning the following morning and requested that Ms. James and her husband, as well as their son Jimmy, be present for this interview. As the worker was leaving the building, she was stopped by a neighbor of the James who stated she often— *(The sound begins to fade down, the lights up.)* —heard Jimmy crying loudly and said she and her . . . *(Out.)*
 MARY. *(Overlapping.)* A quart? — Ok. That it? — All right. I should get to your place about 5:30. — Well, Because I'm gonna

take off a little early, that's why. — Honey, I wish I could talk but — — Right. — Me, too. See you later. — Bye. (*She hangs up, looks toward the door a brief moment, collects herself, then moves a few steps toward the door as she calls —*) Ms. James? Luellen, you can — (*Luellen shyly enters.*) Hi. Hope I didn't keep you waiting too long.

LUELLEN. Boy, sure is quiet up here.

MARY. Yes. Yes, I guess it is.

LUELLEN. Where is ever'body anyway?

MARY. (*Tenses slightly.*) Oh-h—

LUELLEN. Looks like you're the only one in the whole place.

MARY. (*Quickly — lying.*) No. Everybody's here. They're all . . . just busy . . . keeping their heads down. But . . . they're all here.

LUELLEN. You got the air-conditionin' on? Nice and cool in here.

MARY. (*Slightly nervous but friendly.*) I know. Can you believe this? Air-conditioning at the end of September. I swear that when I was a little girl, September was a fall month. (*There is a slight awkward pause.*) Ninety-seven degrees they said today. The end of September and it's ninety-seven degrees. Ridiculous.

LUELLEN. I just got a big ol' fan at home. Keeps it cool, though. Keeps it pretty cool . . . 'cept it blows ever'thing around.

MARY. Maybe that's what I need in here. (*Indicating various piles of things.*) Help me get rid of some of this stuff. (*They smile at each other in a common understanding and some of the tension is eased.*) I like your hair like that.

LUELLEN. Needs cuttin'.

MARY. No, I like it longer. Makes you look . . . It's nice. (*Slight pause.*) How is—

LUELLEN. Do you reckon I could set down for a minute?

MARY. Of course. Here. Let me . . . (*And she removes the boxes of baby clothes from the chair to the corner of the desk.*) . . . move some of this stuff out of your way so you'll have a place . . . There. Afraid I'm not much of a housekeeper.

LUELLEN. Me neither.

MARY. Well . . . (*Indicating chair.*) . . . you can . . . (*Luellen walks gingerly toward the chair.*) Are you all right?

LUELLEN. I walked all the way here.

MARY. From your house?

LUELLEN. Must be ten miles, I bet. Don't you think it's about that? 'Bout ten miles?

MARY. Well . . . —

LUELLEN. Pretty near ten miles.

MARY. It's certainly longer than I'd want to walk, anyway. Especially today. Did you . . . come just to see me or . . . ? (*Luellen nods, but avoids looking at Mary.*) Well, I'm glad to see you, Luellen, but, you know, it might have been better if you'd called me first . . . to make sure I was in, that I didn't have a client with me . . . (*Luellen still doesn't look at her.*) You lucked out, I guess. Now, what can—

LUELLEN. That ol' Ray just took off in the car. He knowed, too. He don't care. Just took off. Don't say "boo, bless you" or nothin'. Didn't even leave me no money for the bus. So, I walked it. I can.

MARY. Yes, you did.

LUELLEN. I thought I was goin' to pass out of heat prostration.

MARY. (*Fighting a smile.*) Are you thirsty? (*Pointing toward door.*) There's a watercooler or I have— (*Indicating thermos.*)

LUELLEN. (*Continues as she carefully takes off one of her shoes.*) All them cars whoosin' by me and nobody even— (*Looking at her foot.*) Oh-h-h, I knowed it! I knowed it for the last three miles. I could feel it. Look. Look at that. I got a big ol' blister on my big toe.

MARY. Let me see. (*Goes to her.*) Uh-h-h. Does not look so great.

LUELLEN. Durn him.

MARY. (*Going to desk.*) I've got some bandaids here . . .

LUELLEN. (*Taking off other shoe.*) I bet I got one on . . . oh-h-h-h . . . it's ready to bust, too.

MARY. (*Looking.*) I know they're here somewhere . . .

LUELLEN. Shoot! Double shoot!

MARY. Here, bandaids. Where are— Ah-ha! (*She pulls out a can of bandaids.*) I knew I had . . . (*Opens the can to find it empty — shakes her head.*) Mary, Mary. You've got to pull your act together.

LUELLEN. I can put some toilet paper—

MARY. No, no. I'm sure there's— (*Remembering.*) There's a first aid kit in the storage room. You just stay where you are. (*The sound and lights cross fade as she exits.*) We'll get you fixed up

in no time. (*Luellen pulls one foot up on the chair with her and examines her foot during the major part of the following dictation.*)

MARY'S VOICE. . . . and the worker has visited twice weekly with Jimmy since his removal from the James home and his subsequent placement in foster care on October 19. During these three months in the Swinford foster home, Jimmy has become a most affectionate, outgoing child who is just a delight to be—scratch that—outgoing child period. His health is now quite good and is reflected in his physical appearance. He continues to express concern for his mother, but his nightmares have become much less frequent and the bedwetting has stopped altogether. New paragraph. Mr. and Ms. James have remained in group therapy and it is that group leader's judgement that both, but especially Ms. James, have made substantial progress. See attached report. As a result, the court has ordered that supervised trial visits between Jimmy and his natural parents begin immediately with the goal of eventual reintegration of the James family. The worker will begin preparing Jimmy for these visits at their next meeting. This worker cautions— Scratch that. This worker feels— Scratch that. (*Lights and sound cross fade.*) This worker recommends the close supervision of— (*Out. Just before the sound and lights begin to fade, Luellen gets up and moves cautiously to Mary's desk. She is examining things without touching anything when Mary enters. Luellen immediately pulls back from the desk.*)

MARY. (*Holding up kit.*) Here we . . . (*Slightest pause on seeing Luellen.*) . . . go. Did you need something?

LUELLEN. I . . . I only . . . (*Indicating Similac.*) Jimmy drunk that stuff when he was a baby. Give him the colic.

MARY. Some of my foster mothers say the same thing.

LUELLEN. How come you reckon anybody'd want to do that, anyway? Take care of somebody else's kid for?

MARY. All sorts of reasons. Why don't you sit back down and we'll get those feet taken care of and, then, you can tell me why you wanted to see me today. All right? (*Luellen moves to her chair as Mary shakes the can of band-aids she's taken from the kit.*) Looks like we hit pay dirt this time. Would you like for me to—

LUELLEN. (*Reaches out and takes can away from Mary.*) I couldn't never do that—take care of somebody else's kid and then have to give it back.

MARY. Well . . . it can be very hard.

LUELLEN. You know what Jimmy told me? Jimmy told me that place . . . that Sween . . . Swen . . . What was their name now? (*Begins putting on band-aids.*)

MARY. You know that's not information I can give you.

LUELLEN. (*Looks at her.*) He already told me. I just forgot it right now. (*Continuing with her feet.*) I'll remember it, though. He said they never give him enough to eat. He was always hungry. That's what he told me.

MARY. Well . . . (*Indicating feet.*) You getting it?

LUELLEN. I reckon they do it for the money.

MARY. Awful lot of work and not much money.

LUELLEN. He said she whupped him, too. Hard. (*Before Mary can respond to this, Luellen stands up.*) There. Don't hurt none when I stand up. (*Walks.*) Or when I walk.

MARY. Good. But . . . no shoes.

LUELLEN. (*Not getting the point.*) I like to go barefoot.

MARY. Tell you what. After we finish here, I'll give you a lift home. That way—

LUELLEN. Where do you live?

MARY. Southeast.

LUELLEN. Where southeast?

MARY. Won't be out of my way to drop you off. I have to go by—

LUELLEN. How come you can know where I live, but I can't know where you do?

MARY. (*Gently, but firmly.*) There's no reason for you to.

LUELLEN. You said you wanted to be my friend.

MARY. I did. I do. But . . .

LUELLEN. I ain't got no friend that I don't know where she lives.

MARY. Luellen, I meant "friend" in the sense of . . . of helping you . . . of not being against you, your enemy . . . A "professional friend". (*Realizes this doesn't sound right.*) A professional who is a friend. (*And she is sorry she's gotten into this.*)

LUELLEN. How long you been a "professional friend"?

MARY. (*Not going to get hooked again.*) I've been a social worker for . . . I don't know . . . couple of years . . . almost. Something like that. (*Determined to take control of the situation again.*) Luellen, I have an appointment in about . . . (*Looks at her watch.*)

LUELLEN. (*Moving around again—looking at her feet.*) It's 'cause

they're new shoes is how come. I ought to have wore my tennis shoes, but I wanted to look good and tennis shoes don't look good with a dress, do they?

MARY. You look very nice.

LUELLEN. Jimmy surely does like you.

MARY. Luellen, I want you—

LUELLEN. When he come home after that time, you was all he could talk about. "Miz Hanson took me to the circus" and Miz Hanson bought me this and give me that and brung me there." You sure must of spent a lot of your time with him. One time, he said you even took him over to your house and he had supper in your big ol' dinin' room, then you took him to a movie . . . He sure is a pretty little boy, ain't he?

MARY. Yes. He is.

LUELLEN. Got the longest eyelashes. Looks like my daddy. Ol' Ray thinks he looks like him, but he don't. Looks 'zactly like my daddy. My daddy surely was a looker, too. How come you to put him in a place where they never fed him and they whupped him all the time?

MARY. They didn't whip him. I wouldn't have let anyone—
(*Stops herself.*) And he gained weight while he was there.

LUELLEN. (*Seeing the baby clothes on the desk.*) Oh-h-h. Oh, look at that. Ain't those cute? Can I take one out? (*Wiping her hands on her skirt.*) My hands is clean. (*Picks up a little yellow jumpsuit.*) Ain't that the most precious . . . Look at how little! Oh-h-h, and look here. Look, it's got a little blue duckie on it. (*Laughs.*) A little blue duckie with a itty-bitty red eye. Did you see that part? (*Holds it out at arm's length.*) So little. You forget how little they was. Tiny arms . . . teeny little legs . . . so little . . . (*And suddenly she clutches the clothing to her, closes her eyes and bites her lip hard.*)

MARY. (*After a brief pause, moves toward her comfortingly.*) Luellen—

LUELLEN. (*Moves away just before Mary touches her clutching the jumpsuit.*) You 'member that Miz Botts lives 'cross the hall from me? That one was so nosey and was always tellin' lies on me and Ray? She's in the hospital. They come and took her yesterday.

MARY. I'm . . . I'm sorry to hear—

LUELLEN. I ain't going to go visit her neither. She's probably got cancer. Gonna get all her insides eat up. That's what Ray says.

MARY. Luellen. When you quit going to group, did . . . did you ask about seeing someone privately over there? I could—
LUELLEN. And I don't care if she does either. Could I have some water now? I'm real, real thirsty. (*Luellen stands turned away from Mary who watches her for a moment. As Mary turns and starts to move, the lights fade down and the sound fades in. Mary has looked toward the door as though she might get the water outside, but decides it is better not to leave Luellen alone again and, so, she pours her a drink of whatever is in the thermos.*)

MARY'S VOICE. . . . brought Jimmy in for treatment of his burned hands and told the nurse he'd fallen against the stove. Mr. and Ms. James then left Jimmy in her care saying they would be right back, but did not return. On February 17 Jimmy was again placed in the Swinford foster home. Date February 23. The worker was finally able to contact Mr. and Ms. James'. After lengthy discussion in which they became alternately defensive and angrily aggressive—at times even threatening the worker—the worker succeeded in explaining that a petition would be filed— (*Out.*)

MARY. (*Over fading dictation.*) Here's your . . . (*Luellen turns, takes the cup and drinks.*) You walked a very long way on a very hot day to see me . . . Luellen? . . . (*Luellen looks at her quickly and then away.*) and I would like to know why—what I can do to help you—but you are going to have to tell me. (*No response.*) Will you? (*No response.*) Well. I'm sorry, I wish I had more time, but I do have this appointment, so, if you'll let me get my things together, I'll take you—

LUELLEN. (*Quickly and with a new energy.*) No, but, see, see, I got this real good idea. It's real good, too. See, I'm fixin' to move out on ol' Ray. He just don't know it yet, but I am. I'm goin' to get me a place to live and I'm goin' to get me a job maybe with the phone company maybe. My girlfriend works for the phone company. Or a waitress. I could do that.

MARY. Jobs are a little hard to find these days, but . . . but that sounds . . . I think you'd enjoy working . . .—

LUELLEN. (*Big smile.*) I think I would, too. And my girlfriend lives in a duplex and her neighbors is goin' to move maybe and I could move in there if they did. It's got a fenced-in backyard and a big side yard and I wouldn't even let ol' Ray even come visit only if he got over doin' them things.

MARY. (*Realizing.*) Wait a minute—
 LUELLEN. (*Going on.*) I know he don't mean to. He just loses his temper sometimes is all, but he's gettin' a whole lot better 'bout it since we went to that group. I sure do 'preciate you makin' us go to them meetin's. See, we had a lot of pressure on us and we was probably just takin' it out on—
 MARY. Luellen. Wait a minute here.
 LUELLEN. No, no. I still wouldn't let him come and stay. Not no matter how much he yelled at me or how much he begged me, he couldn't. A daddy don't need to be with his son like a mama does. (*Slightly choked, but going on.*) A mama needs to be with her child. You know that, don't you? I know you do and I'm goin' to get a place for me and Jimmy to live and you can—
 MARY. You know that's—
 LUELLEN. (*Going on.*) And you could come visit Jimmy ever'day. You could take him out in your car and you could buy him a coke and ask him questions . . . I'd share him with you. We could share him. (*She looks pleadingly at Mary. Pause.*)
 MARY. Luellen, please don't do this to yourself.
 LUELLEN. I ain't—
 MARY. You're hurting yourself with this. You're building up a fantasy that—
 LUELLEN. It ain't a fantasy. I thought it all out.
 MARY. Thinking it out doesn't mean it can happen that way.
 LUELLEN. (*A protest.*) Yes!
 MARY. No. I'm sorry.
 LUELLEN. (*Looks at her a moment—quietly.*) You ain't sorry.
 MARY. Yes, I am. I'm sorry for how you feel right now. I know how very—
 LUELLEN. You know what? You know what it's like to have your kid stole by the Welfare? To sit in a room and remember that your little boy ain't bein' quiet 'cause he's sleepin' or into somethin', but that he's bein' quiet 'cause he ain't even there no more. And you don't know where he is or when he's comin' back? You don't know.
 MARY. No. I guess . . . no one can . . . really . . . but you have to . . .
 LUELLEN. (*Watching her coldly.*) What? I have to what? Forget about him? You ain't got no kids, do you?
 MARY. No.

LUELLEN. No. You want one?
 MARY. Someday.
 LUELLEN. Like my Jimmy? (*Mary doesn't answer this.*) I know you like him a whole lot. You like him better than the other ones? He your favorite? You know what ol' Ray told me onct after you'd come out to visit? He said, "You better watch out, Lu girl. That woman wants your baby for herself and she's a' gonna get him, too." That's what he said, but I didn't believe him. Sometimes, though, that Ray knows what he's talkin' 'bout. You got him?
 MARY. What?
 LUELLEN. You got him at your house, ain't you?
 MARY. No. That's—
 LUELLEN. You don't want me to know where you live 'cause—
 MARY. This is a State agency. There are rules here, Luellen. Even if I wanted to do something like—
 LUELLEN. Oh, you want to. You want to and you did. (*The two look at each other a long moment.*)
 MARY. (*Reasonably.*) No matter how much I care about Jimmy—and I do, I care about him—that simply isn't the reason he was taken out of your home. You know that. I did not "steal" him. He is not at my house. Ok? Now. I want you to tell me precisely what it is you think I can do, so I can answer you in as clear a way as possible . . . so we understand each other.
 LUELLEN. (*Trying to be "reasonable" in turn.*) I want to see Jimmy.
 MARY. I understand that, but what do you want *me* to do?
 LUELLEN. I want you to go get him.
 MARY. I can't do that. I don't have that authority. It's out of my hands.
 LUELLEN. You go get him and bring him here.
 MARY. I can't—
 LUELLEN. Go get him.
 MARY. You were in the courtroom. You heard what the judge said.
 LUELLEN. Then call him.
 MARY. Who?
 LUELLEN. Call that Judge. Right now. Tell him I can have my baby back.
 MARY. I'm not going to argue with you—
 LUELLEN. Call him.

MARY. This interview is ended.

LUELLEN. Call him. *(She moves in on Mary.)*

MARY. I can't call the Judge!

LUELLEN. Yes, you can! *(Continuing to move in on Mary—cold and menacing.)* And you better.

MARY. *(Backing—fear showing.)* Luellen.

LUELLEN. You better do it. *(She is almost in Mary's face.)*

MARY. Get out of my face.

LUELLEN. *(Fists clenched.)* I mean it!

MARY. Now . . . stop this!

LUELLEN. If you don't, I'll do something. I'll hurt you. I can. I ain't kiddin' either. *(Luellen begins to raise her fists and as she does, Mary starts to turn to run from her, but instead knocks into the chair with everything still piled on it. The chair overturns making a loud crashing sound. The crash causes both women to stop. Mary is almost immediately shocked into fury and Luellen is cowed.)*

MARY. God-damn it! God-damn it! *(Turns on Luellen who steps back.)* Just who the hell do you think you are? What do you think you're doing here? You can't ever—not ever in this life—see that child again. Not ever.

LUELLEN. *(More of a cry.)* Yes, I can.

MARY. Do you think the State or the Judge would put that little boy back after what you did?

LUELLEN. I didn't . . . I never done— Ray. Ray done it.

MARY. You! You! Face that reality at least. You. You admitted it to me, to the Judge—

LUELLEN. *(Shaking her head.)* Ray.

MARY. Ray may have done a lot of it, but not that last, Luellen.

LUELLEN. *(Childlike.)* Well . . . he made me.

MARY. He made you hold that child's hands on a hot stove 'til he had first and second degree burns? I'll tell you one thing, Ray couldn't have made me do that!

LUELLEN. *(Meekly.)* We was just teaching him—

MARY. *(Going on.)* And, then, you ran off and left him, just left him—and in all the months we've had him in foster care, you haven't contacted me once, not one time, to find out how he was doing. So why today? Why do you people suddenly turn up out of the blue and think— Christ. *(Takes a breath to calm herself.)* We explained everything to you six months ago. *(Brief pause.)* You

could hold a gun to my head or a knife to my throat and it still wouldn't get him back for you. *(Pause.)*

LUELLEN. What am I gonna do?

MARY. I don't know. *(Pause.)* See someone. Let me make an appoint—

LUELLEN. Talkin' to a stranger ain't goin' to help.

MARY. It can.

LUELLEN. I was right 'bout you wantin' Jimmy, wasn't I? *(No answer.)* I know I was. That's how come me to come to see you. It gets so quiet sometimes. I thought you'd understand about it. Ray told me. He said, "The Welfare don't understand nothin' 'bout people's feelin's. They ain't never goin' to help you." *(Brief pause.)* My girlfriend's fixin' to have a little baby. I been givin' her all Jimmy's baby things.

MARY. I'm sure that's very hard for you.

LUELLEN. I'm givin' her a baby shower at my house. *(Pointing to the clothes.)* Could I have one of those to give to her? *(Mary gives her two boxes.)*

MARY. I wish you'd let me get you in to see someone. *(Luellen goes over and puts her shoes on.)*

LUELLEN. Don't hurt none.

MARY. At least, let me take you—

LUELLEN. I don't want you to.

MARY. *(Taking change from her billfold.)* Let me give you bus fare, then. *(Mary hands her the money and Luellen takes it without saying anything.)* I'm . . . I'm sorry I lost my . . . I shouldn't have . . . *(Luellen, without ever looking at Mary, turns and walks out, leaving Mary standing there watching her. The lights and sound cross fade.)*

MARY'S VOICE. . . and on the third visit the Jonson's presented Jimmy with a new tricycle which he loved. All in all, the worker felt that the three trial visits with the prospective adoptive parents were most successful. Jimmy was taken to the State Office for final adoptive placement with his new family on September 3, '82. This file is being transferred to the office in Sycamore County. *(A sigh.)* Right. Next case. *(Lights and sound start fading down.)* Last name: Albert. First name: Joan. CW number— *(Sound and Lights.)*

END